UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Finding New Objectives in Religion

By EDMUND H. REEMAN

Light of Ages and of Nations

A Character Comparison of Jesus of Nazareth and Abraham Lincoln

By WILLIAM NEWMAN CHEW

American Notes

By SYDNEY STRONG

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IN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1925 NUMBER 21

"'And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

"Jesus has been called, I believe, the greatest master of irony who ever lived, and surely there can never have been a greater triumph of irony than the statement so gently insinuated into this petition, and now perpetually repeated by millions, even during the Great War. Millions, who genuinely believed that the Germans had 'trespassed' against them, and were still more genuinely occupied in torturing, starving, murdering, and speaking ill of those trespassers, in the intervals of these occupations meekly mumbled in all our churches, as they echoed the brazen voices of their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters: 'And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

"We have no Jesus now, nor any Rabelais, to do justice to these wonderful fellow-countrymen of ours, and their dear brethren in other belligerent lands of the War. Besides, it must be a painful subject. It cannot be pleasant for them to realize that, when they reach that next world they so devoutly believe in, the rest of Eternity will have to be spent in the enjoyment of that 'forgiveness' they so liberally bestowed on the Germans."

—*Havelock Ellis,* in "Impressions and Comments."

Our readers will perhaps remember our special study of the Geneva Protocol in our issue of November 6th (page 115). In this we offered as one of our chief criticisms of the Protocol the fact that it "contemplates no abandonment of force." As we put the matter—

> It (the Protocol) provides for a massing of force on a more universal, and incidentally less competitive, scale than ever before. What we have in the Protocol is simply the extension of Articles 10 and 16 of the original League Covenant, which themselves wrote the dread law of force into the proposed government of the world. . . . All the sanctions of the Protocol, in other words, are the sanctions of arms controlled and directed in protection of their own predominant interests by the great military empires of the world. Which means that we get rid of war only to get in its stead not peace but super-war!

The general soundness of this criticism is now unexpectedly and amply attested by no less a person than Professor James T. Shotwell, one of those who formulated the draft treaty which became the basis of the Protocol. In an address before the recent Washington Conference in the Cause and Cure of War, Professor Shotwell conceded that the "Protocol of Geneva on the whole reflects the continental point of view." He then urged, as a condition of American co-operation, that the Protocol be so "interpreted or amended" as to eliminate these objectional features of force. If this were done, the Protocol "would not be a strengthening of Articles 10 and 16 of the League Covenant . . . but a world plan for substituting the processes of justice in international affairs for the processes of force." It is evident that our judgment was well taken. The Geneva Protocol is defective in just the way we pointed out. Its success, to say nothing of American co-operation, depends upon its being transformed into an out-and-out program of Outlawry.

Speaking of Outlawry, it is impressive to note that Professor Shotwell, in the address quoted above, came out unreservedly for the adoption of the Borah Resolution calling for the Outlawry of War. He did this for the impressive reason that this program had become by force of circumstance the American program of peace. To quote his own words:

> Both President Coolidge in his message to Congress, as well as in various other statements, and Senator Borah, the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, in carefully phrased and deliberate public utterances, have stated emphatically that it is henceforth the policy of our nation to work toward the elimination of aggressive war. These utterances from those who at present can speak with authority for the policy of the Government of the United States leave us with no possibility of doubt as to the principles upon which that policy will be built. There can therefore be no debate upon this point.

Professor Shotwell thereupon urged the support of Outlawry as set forth by Senator Borah, declaring that this was one step upon which we could all now agree. It is significant that the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, in its final resolutions, refused to endorse the League of Nations while whole-heartedly endorsing the Outlawry of War. Can there any longer be any doubt that the League issue is dead, so far at least as the United States is concerned, and that Outlawry is henceforward the distinctively American program upon which all our efforts for peace are to be based. "For the present, let's get together," said Professor Shotwell, "and have this course taken." Amen —and again, AMEN!

Quite as notable as Professor Shotwell's speech, but for quite another reason, was the speech by Mr. George Wickersham at this same Convention in Washington. Mr. Wickersham, it will be remembered, is one of our most ardent pro-League men. He is also a pacifist in between wars, ardent for peace when there *is* peace. At this convention he made his usual speech in academic denunciation of war. At the close of his remarks, a delegate made inquiry about Outlawry, and was told that this was a relative matter, since all wars ought not

to be outlawed, "as some are so just that they ought not to be put in that category." Pressed to give an example of a just war, the speaker cited the Spanish War for the liberation of Cuba as a righteous conflict! If this is the case, then of course it follows that the League of Nations, which Mr. Wickersham so ardently espouses, could not and should not interfere with a war like the Spanish War, for if this sort of conflict is righteous, then to interfere with it is unrighteous. Could anything be more utterly ridiculous—or more clearly revelatory of the mind of the pro-Leaguer, and other peace men of his type? These men are not opposed to war; they have not the slightest idea of getting rid of war. They are opposed of course to the other fellow's war; they propose to limit fighting to their own free-booting operations. But as for abolishing the thing altogether—not a bit of it! At bottom these men believe in the war system and desire to perpetuate it. Their only desire is to confine its control to the hands of those few great powers which can use it most effectively in their own interests. For such an end the League of Nations is an admirable instrument. Its own champion and sponser tells us so!

The Opium Conference follows hard upon the Egyptian crisis, to teach us convincingly of the limitations of the League of Nations even in that field where from the beginning it has functioned best—namely, the field of social change and betterment. Perhaps it would be fairer to say, however, that this Opium Conference reveals the obstacles of national selfishness and pride which block the way to international accord, that of the League or any other. We confess that we have found the recent spectacle profoundly depressing. Here is the direct challenge of the conscience of mankind that this steady poisoning of the race by the opium traffic be ended by measures drastic to be sure, but easily possible of enforcement. This challenge is flung at the British Empire, which defends her presence in India, for example, on the ground of her sacred guardianship of the health, happiness and general good of the Indian people, who are the chief sufferers from the opium scourge. The spokesman of the Empire in this instance is Viscount Cecil, a man infinitely better in mind and character than the "set" to which he belongs, an honored champion of international organization particularly as represented by the League of Nations, an accepted advocate of peace and brotherhood. It is this man who, in the face of all the world, defies the challenge of humanity and vetoes all attempts to abolish the opium abomination. It is perhaps unfair to blame Lord Cecil too harshly. After all, it is the Empire that speaks through his lips, and good men do strange things when their country commands them to obedience. But it is profoundly depressing! The British Empire deliberately sustains an evil eating at the very vitals of humanity because of the profit there is in it, and in doing so destroys utterly the influence and power of that very organization of international progress and peace in which she pretends so emphatically to believe. What hope have we in the face of such a spectacle?

We recently read an announcement in the newspapers, that, as a precaution against typhoid fever, Isaac D. Rawlings, Director of the Illinois Department of Health, had forbidden the eating of raw oysters in Illinois after January 15th. Ever since this dispatch appeared we have been looking for an uprising of the people in vindication of their personal liberty thus outraged by this tyrannical order. Can anything be more despotic than this action of Director Rawlings? Think of it! This government official is actually breaking into the homes of the citizens of Illinois, invading their dining-rooms, sitting down at their tables, and dictating to them what they shall and shall not eat. Strangely enough, however, nothing but approval seems to be expressed in regard to this action of the Illinois Department of Health. And why not? For the Department is plainly enough forbidding the eating of raw oysters in the interests of public safety. *But,* if such action is not only just but worthy of approval in the case of infected oysters, why is not the same action just and worthy of approval in the case of liquor? In other words, have we not in this ban of Director Rawlings placed upon the eating of oysters, the exact parallel to the ban placed by the Eighteenth Amendmen on the drinking of liquor? The two things, to our way of thinking, are identical. It is high time that the people of this country came to see that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution is not in any sense of the word an instance of paternalism. It is not remotely related to any kind of sumptuary legislation. It has nothing to do with any attempt to impose upon the public life an arbitrary standard of morals. It is simply another instance of what we know today as social legislation. It is to be classified with sanitary laws, tenement laws, traffic laws, and all other democratic attempts to protect the public welfare. If raw oysters were always carriers of typhoid fever, a permanent prohibition would be established against them. A glass of liquor is always infected with disease, crime, misery, insanity, and all kinds of social ill. The prohibition Amendment against it, therefore, is right, and will never be removed.

Some weeks ago we referred to the "spiritual channel between Britain and the Continent," as an explanation of the failure of Europeans to recognize and acclaim the literary greatness of Thomas Hardy. A fresh illustration of this fact has just come to our attention. A Belgian magazine recently took a poll of its subscribers on the question as to who is the greatest living writer in the world today. In addition to finding this outstanding

figure, the magazine undertook to rank other great writers in their proper order, on the basis of the vote. The result of this poll is interesting. With pardonable patriotism, the readers of the Belgian magazine rated their own great writer, Emile Verhaeren, as the leading author today. He topped the list with 1715 votes. This Belgian was followed by Anatole France, who received 1422 votes. Another Belgian, Maurice Maeterlinck, was third with 1243 votes. Blasco Ibanez was sixth in the list with 702 votes, and was followed in due order by Leon Daudet with 617 votes, Paul Bourget with 604, and Romain Rolland with 503. Henri Bordeaux came nineteenth, with 305. At the very end, ranking thirty-first, was Giovanni Papini, which is comforting, if the Italian had to be mentioned at all. So far as our report shows, Thomas Hardy did not figure in the voting at all. Belgians apparently have not heard of him, or, if they have, they do not know enough about him to understand his titanic greatness. In this they are characteristic of Europeans generally. The Nobel Prize for literature will never wield the authority to which we believe it to be properly entitled until it has crowned with its laurel wreath the brow of the great Englishman. As he is growing old, it would seem as though the time were close at hand for the bestowal of this honor if it is to come at all!

We never get over feeling amazed at the way people are willing to use ignorance as an excuse or device for escaping from conviction. The conventional attitude of the conservative toward Socialism is a typical example of what we mean. Long ago it became the fashion—and the fashion is still with us!—for the conservative, when pressed on the subject of Socialism, to say, "But I don't know what Socialism is. If you would only tell me what you mean by Socialism, I might give you my opinion; but nobody seems to know, everybody has a different idea," etc., etc. At first, when we heard this confession of ignorance, we would take it seriously and start right in giving definitions of Socialism and naming books on Socialism. But now we don't do that any more! For we have long since discovered that this confession of ignorance is nothing more nor less than a plea of avoidance. Nobody who really wants to know, can be ignorant of what Socialism means. No doctrine of social change was ever more clear-cut or definite. It has been defined by many minds and in many books, and always in precisely the same way. Indeed, if there is any one doctrine or idea in modern thought, about which there can be no slightest possibility of confusion, it is Socialism. Therefore, when a person loudly complains or boasts that he does not know what Socialism is, he really means that he does not want to know. Like the ostrich, he sticks his head in the sand that he may not have to face the facts. And of this mental posture, of course, Socialism is only one illustration. When hard pressed by reality, the conservative invariably takes refuge in ignorance. For ourselves, we find it impressively characteristic of the conservative type of mind, in politics and religion alike, that it glories in not knowing what is going on!

Finding New Objectives in Religion

Few things are plainer to the intelligent observer of contemporary life than the fact that if religion is to continue to function as an effective influence in present day affairs there is no more urgent problem pressing in upon religious leaders and thinkers than the task of finding new objectives in religious effort and appeal. Not only is it true that the older forms of religious appeal have lost their force and now cease to move the average man and woman, but it is no less true that even for religious people themselves these older forms of appeal have lost most of their power. Gone, it seems forever, is the persuasiveness that marked the religious appeal of earlier generations and that made the work of men like the Wesleys, the Spurgeons, the Martineaus and the Channings a power in their day and generation. No longer do we hear of great masses of people being moved to decisive action and roused to stirring emotional and inspirational heights by the spell of the gospel appeal.

A certain amount of conventional allegiance to old time religious standards, of course, remains, but where can we find evidence of the deep passion and moral fervor that once marked religious effort and the religious person. Certainly few of our present day preachers display it to any conspicuous extent. Preaching in these times has become professional to a degree unknown in earlier times, and the successful preacher now-a-days is most commonly he who combines a rare psychological astuteness with a finesse of professional technique that is only comparable to executive business efficiency. As for the laity at large, religious giving is perhaps a fair instance to cite as an example of the state of affairs. In numerous cases religious giving is indifferent and desultory to a degree. Vast numbers of the nominal adherents of churches spend considerably more upon selfish pleasures and recreations than they ever dream of contributing to religious causes. While of the boosted vast sums of money raised to swell the coffers of churches and denominational enterprises the greater part is the result of shrewd financial management, often engineered by specialists in finance rather than in religion. Numerous churches, moreover, would even so be in dire financial straits were it not for the generous benefactions of the men and women of an earlier day

and generation who were concerned not only to support but to perpetuate the work of religion.

The significant thing about this aspect of the matter is that it is not primarily due to any lack of generosity on the part of the people of the present generation as compared with the people of earlier days. There is abundant evidence that the best people are as generous today as they ever were and absolute selfishness and indifference to higher things is as rare as it ever was. Undoubtedly the calls upon the generous person are more numerous than formerly, but this can hardly be said to explain the lack of enthusiasm that commonly prevails in respect to religious support. Back of the whole business and as we see it the paramount factor in it, is the sense of uncertainty that prevails and the confusion of thought that exists as to what churches are really driving at and as to the nature and point of their actual objectives. The old objectives that impelled people to generous sacrifice and effort are lost and as yet there is a marked failure to reach new objectives that can compare with the old in their appeal.

It was the main impulse of the older Christianity that it was moved in all things by the conviction of a definite task and commission binding upon it. Religion is not an end in itself, or at any rate organized religious effort is not. It is a means to an end, an agency rather than a goal, and unless we know what it is we are striving after, it is impossible that our effort should be marked by the consecration and persistent devotion that will ever remain the glory of the forms of religious effort now passing into decay. Whatever may be said of the older evangelical forms of religious effort they at least had this merit—that they were purposeful and pointed. Your old-time preacher knew perfectly well what he was there for when he went up into his pulpit. Resting heavily upon his heart he felt the tremendous burden of souls. He was there to lead men out of darkness into light, to snatch them, if possible, as brands from the burning. We may quarrel with the conceptions of God and life that dominated his theological thinking. We may be compelled to insist that his heaven and hell alike cross issues with certain deep moral principles that we ourselves must perforce hold to be integral to the stability of the universal order. We may be obliged to hold back from his entirely uncritical, and as it seems to us, unreasoning allegiance to the literal authority of the book that for him was the final and complete word of God to men, but we cannot deny the deep sincerity of his effort, or the clearness of the purpose he sought to serve, or the earnestness of the passion that his consecration generated.

His pulpit was not an amusement platform, nor was it ever prostituted to trivialities. He went into it to somehow save men from the wrath that threatened them, nor was he lacking in courage to denounce the sins that were defiling his age and rendering the likeness of God in men of none effect. Nor was the preacher alone in his fervent zeal. In large degree it was shared by his supporters. So long as one soul remained in ignorance of the plan of salvation there could be no rest for the truly sincere Christian and no sacrifice that might be involved could be accounted too great to be made if by any means the light of saving knowledge could be brought to a sinner's understanding.

We are not suggesting that the world should go back to the old religious concepts and beliefs, for a majority of intelligent mankind that would be utterly impossible. We are pointing out, however, that modern religious effort has lost alike the older impulses of religion and the passion that commonly went with them. Not even in a Methodist camp meeting today is there the same fervor and intensity of soul that formerly marked religious endeavor. The fear of hell and the rewards of heaven have lost their spell alike for believer and for unbeliever, and men scarce know what they are driving at in religious work. Your average evangelical preacher neither dare affirm the old objectives, nor dare altogether and frankly disavow them, while as for your typical liberal religionist, few if any there are who have ever felt or recognized the old impulses.

Certainly there is no more serious deficiency in modern organized religious endeavors than the lack of a clear, commanding, compelling objective.

Let the validity of everything that has gone to weaken and undermine the old sanctions of religion be conceded; let it be frankly admitted that the old conceptions of heaven and hell, of saved and lost souls, are impossible and that an enlightened and scientific understanding of the forces of human history render unthinkable any longer the old views of the literal infallibility and authority of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and still the question remains—What is to replace the old impulse of religious endeavor and what new objectives can be announced as worthy of the cause which religion represents? Grant that hell does not threaten and that the future has no more terrors than the present for the struggling sons of men. Is there then no task left for religion to accomplish and no serious business to engage the efforts of its adherents? Are we just to go on in the present discouraging fashion so long as there are enough people interested to enjoy the mild diversion of a pleasant Sunday morning which so many churches aim to offer, and then for the churches to pass out of existence as this number decreases to the vanishing point? Or can there be found and can there be proclaimed in commanding tones some great new end and effort that may replace the old objectives and win men and women to a new enthusiasm and to a new and exalting spirit of high endeavor? Clearly this is one of our most urgent needs, and the future of churches in America and throughout the world depends in the last analysis upon whether or not such an objective can be discovered and adopted.

We must confess that so far amid all the tumult and

confusion existing in and among churches the prospect of a new and commanding evangel seems somewhat remote, but nothing in the religious world today matters quite so much, we believe, as this finding a new and commanding objective to justify the existence of churches.

Here is a task profound enough to challenge the uttermost in leadership in all the churches.

Here is a task, even, in which our so-called liberal churches by reason of the greater freedom of their traditions might well seem to hold an advantage. Unfortunately much of their liberalism is merely an emasculated edition of the older orthodoxies and is utterly lacking in the quality and vigor that alone command attention.

Is there or is there not enough vitality and spiritual spontaneity left in our churches generally to challenge the courage of strong men and the heroism and devotion of the multitude at large with a program of commanding and world-wide appeal and to offer as a present motive of religious endeavor an objective at once so sane and rational and so quick and vital as to capture the heart and imagination of mankind?

What are the things today that we believe in enough to die on the scaffold for, or to face the smoke and flames and torture of the old time martyr's faggot?

Can the churches show us anything worth dying for, if need be, and big enough to make any lesser sacrifice joyful?

If they can, then for God's sake let them shout it from the housetops.

EDMUND H. REEMAN.

Jottings

Every peace plan that comes along these days—see the Geneva Protocol!—is instantly dubbed a plan for outlawing war. When the real plan for Outlawry is presented, however, it is attacked and ridiculed. We would be wondering why this is the case, were it not for our memory of the experience of the Abolitionists in the anti-slavery days. They also were abused and disowned, but everybody was for getting rid of slavery, and at last it was "abolished." Thus do men deny the leaders who show to them the way!

Japan has now signed a treaty recognizing Soviet Russia. What with England, France, Italy, Germany, China all in line, it is fast getting to be unanimous.

A newspaper headline announces—"Mussolini To Repair Italy and Then Quit." Well, after all the damage that Mussolini has done to Italy, we should think it was his duty to make repairs.

A great mass meeting in memory of E. D. Morel was held at the Community Church, New York City, on Sunday evening, January 25th. John Haynes Holmes presided and spoke; an original poem written for the occasion was read by Edwin Markham; and addresses were made by Oswald Garrison Villard, Syud Hossain, Alice Riggs Hunt, and Prof. William R. Shepherd, of Columbia. A vast throng of people crowded the church to the doors. An offering for the E. D. Morel Memorial Fund was bountifully responded to.

Mark Twain's "Autobiography" is as amusing a book as the great humorist ever wrote. It is a hodge-podge of material, a mere scrap-book of reminiscence, and it is quite impossible to take seriously the author's contention that he has produced a new type of autobiographical writing. Furthermore, the solemn presentation of the book as "a voice from the grave" leads to utter disappointment, for the text reveals no secrets of any kind; with a few not serious exceptions, it is innocence and simplicity throughout. But the volumes are delightful reading, and should not be missed.

DEFINITIONS. — *Secretary of State* — the political agent of banks and other private investors in foreign fields.

J. H. H.

American Notes

Editorial Correspondence.

I.

The Negro! Let me mention a few figures for the reader's scrap-book, illustrating Negro progress in the United States. The National Negro Business League gives the following facts: The economic progress of the Negro from 1900 to 1924 shows an increase of homes owned from 290,000 in 1900 to 660,000 in 1924; expenditures for education from $1,000,000 in 1900 to $32,000,000 in 1924; wealth accumulated from $300,000,000 to $1,700,000,000 in 1924; per cent literate from 56 to 80; number of colleges and normal schools from 400 to 500; raised by Negroes for their own education from $90,000 to $2,000,000; number of church members from 3,100,000 to 4,800,000. According to figures presented at the Jubilee, there are now 20,000 Negro women engaged in business enterprises, while in professional service the Negro is represented as follows: over 2,000 theatrical performers, 50 architects (2 women), 259 artists (108 women), 315 authors and editors (44 women), 207 chemists, 1,062 college presidents and professors (496) women, 1,109 dentists, 145 designers, 946 lawyers, judges and justices, 3,752

musicians and teachers of music, 3,430 physicians and surgeons, 184 technical engineers, 3,341 trained nurses, of whom 3,199 are women.

"The Negro is becoming proud of his black skin," says Willard Price, formerly editor of the *World Outlook*, "'Mother, I want a black doll,' is the demand of a modern Negro child. . . . Hundreds of thousands of midnight dolls are being manufactured to meet the demand of a race that is coming into a proper pride in its own character and merit. Any skin that encloses a success is a good skin. Formerly the black depended upon the white for everything; now he depends upon his own race."

The future no doubt holds some very distinct shocks for America, in the clash of color. Here comes to Seattle only yesterday Frederick O'Brien, an American author, from the Orient, saying "The white man's day in the Orient is waning. Soon commerce must be carried on with the Orient on the basis of commercial equality, as with Europe," and Mr. O'Brien has been in the Orient for twenty-five years. "The Orientals are ceasing to look upon the white man as a superior," he says. With 11,000,000 Negroes at home and nearly 500,000,000, just across the ocean, with skins of color, America is going to be called upon to do some quick thinking and wise acting, during the next few years. It looks as if there would have to be some radical readjustments. All of which makes America an interesting country to observe and to live in.

II.

Apropos, let me pass on to my readers the words of a friend who has just returned from a four years' sojourn in Europe. He was a school teacher for twenty years, a journalist since for three years and has spent the last six months in New York, since landing. I listened, while he talked and gave his impressions.

The astonishing thing in New York is the way the Jews and Italians are forcing out the old British stock, the Irish. You are not in America at all till you get down to Wall Street and below. Big business is Scotch and Scotch-Irish. But the powerful Jews and Italians, Greeks and Bohemians—powerful physically, shrewd mentally—have the best of it in all small business. And even in engineering, contracting and as architects. There is little of America, in New York, until you get way down town. Everywhere, in trams, in restaurants, in theatres, *foreigners*. And when a native American is seen he will not be so well dressed. Or he will be faded and wrinkled while the foreigners and their offspring are well clad, confident, sturdy and so well fed. It has been the surprise of my life to see the Americans of British stock so beaten out in the race. The Americans (except a few old timers) do not live in New York at all. They have business there but the motor and subway carry them far out to Yonkers, to Jamaica, and when you get out to the suburbs—again you find Americans. . . .

And here is a little dash of color that my friend—an American of British descent—added:

Last Sunday I went to Harlem and visited the Abyssinian Baptist Church. Black, black, black was the audience. The ushers in white gloves; the choir of fifty in surplices; the women in mortar-boards; the services quite ornate; the music wonderful; a fine organ with a colored girl playing it; the best sermon, modern, criticising Bryan as a fundamentalist, eloquent, too. I would never have guessed that the preacher was colored; a processional, a recessional; lots of yelling and assuring "bless the Lords"; two collections, the second for the visiting preacher. All in a beautiful new church built within three years at a cost of $350,000 and all paid for, although not a dozen subscriptions were above $400. The audience was comfortably clad, but not dashingly stylish. I was the only white person in the room which was completely filled. There was much more sense said than I usually hear in church.

So an outsider sees New York!

III.

During the last two days I have received letters from friends as far apart as Japan, Germany, England and New York. I am giving way to the temptation of making public some of the things these letters held. It's dangerous, I know, but here goes, and they are far away. Some things are too good to keep. If my readers judge that I am making a parade of my riches, so be it; I cannot conceive of greater riches than my friendships.

The first letter is from John Brailsford, now on the *Japan Chronicle*, Kobe. He is an ideal journalist, painstaking, truthful and the soul of honor. Among other things he wrote about "Kagawa of the Slums"—a remarkable Japanese, now in America. "He ought to give Americans, the church people especially, plenty to think about; this Japanese who puts his beliefs into action so whole-heartedly." But here is the bit of the letter that I wished to share with my readers:

I have had to face the problem of the lawbreaker from a new point of view lately, having been several times visited by burglars. They only got into the house once and seem to have departed in a hurry without taking much. They didn't give us a chance to invite them to a cup of tea. That is supposed to be the proper thing to do in Japan, though the tradition is getting lost as the police are becoming Westernized to some extent. Lafcadio Hearn tells of the grandmother of a household who obediently opened the household treasures to burglars, remarking that she supposed she had done them an injury in a former life. I rather like that idea, except that I would rather apologize to them for the injury that I know is done them in this life by the society of which I am a member.

This idea of tea and burglars somehow has a little of the flavor of Mt. Calvary. Who will try it? I am afraid that I'd lose my nerve (so Westernized am I) and forget, on the arrival of a burglar, to act as a gentleman or to think justly. Oh, these Orientals, are they deeper and truer in ethics and actions than we? And wisdom—its source, West or East? I shall think of tea and burglars for many days.

I always get pleasure in introducing John P. Fletcher. He is a British Quaker. He has been in Australia, New Zealand, America, in practically every country of Europe and in jail. He seems to be about as much ashamed of his jail (not once either) experience, as was Paul, and for the same reasons. He is now in Tilford, Surrey, England, an address at which he can always be reached. I advise anyone who wishes to know about the industrial and peace movements of Europe and the British Empire, to write him before drawing final conclusions. I met him first when, for several years, he was in charge of British Quaker relief, in Germany. He is one of those few people who have not only moved away *from* war, but have moved *into* peace. Anyone wishing to know the difference, write him. And now for a few lines from the letter before me:

I am now chairman of a small committee preparing and getting signed a Manifesto, calling for the world-wide abolition of Conscription; to be signed only by people of first class reputation.

This is an interesting movement. And he asks me to name some to put on the list. I expect to send him few names. Who of my readers will send him some?

So much for the two Johns. Seems to me, that among notables, John, as a name, stands close to the top,—with John the Baptist, John the Apostle, John Calvin, John Wesley, John Robinson—John seems to be

quite common among the prophets of religion. Yesterday's postman brought me a letter from Miss Blanche Watson (38 Gramercy Park, N. Y.), well known to UNITY readers. I can mention only one thought in her interesting letter, a thought that should not be allowed to get out of the public mind. She feels that we should be taught to look upon those who engage in *mass*-murder (war) just as we do look upon those *individuals* who kill. While we may be willing to listen to explanation of their acts of brutality, yet, in no way should we permit them, or anyone, to get the idea that we regard them with approval; that is, we should not do, nor say, anything socially, politically or educationally, that "helps to make war respectable." This idea of Miss Watson's is sure to present itself to everyone trying to drive war, the outlaw, out of human society.

* * *

I opened with pleasure an envelope, post-marked Koeln, containing a letter from Dr. Hertha Kraus. I had not heard from her for half a year. I first saw her perched up in one of the towers of the famous castle in Berlin, which the Kaiser had left with brief farewells, similar to those of the Czar's when he, with his household, went away from the Kremlin. She was then in charge of the Berlin district, when the Quakers, from America, had charge of child-feeding throughout Germany. That was the time that many of the UNITY folks, on my suggestion, sent money to her, in the Schloss, for relief, that time of collapse when a postage-stamp cost a German 1,000,000 marks. Later, Dr. Kraus went to Koeln, to be director of municipal welfare work, with offices at Elogius Platz, Koeln, Germany. Her whole letter is worth publishing, together with the printed report of conditions in Koeln. I must give you a few bits:

> You will be glad to hear that I got the Socialist welfare organizations to take over a camp and fix it up as residence for 250 homeless men and boys; got the Catholic welfare organizations to enlarge their home for men by 100 beds; and finally got the city to open a comfortable shelter for 42 elderly men and a school to harbor some 30 families with crowds of children. . . . Well, there are several other things: work shops for the handicapped (toy shops, rug weaving, sewing room, carpentry); reorganization of our district offices; sewing courses for some of our women. . . . As to conditions, unheard-of tragedies everywhere, by the thousands. Everybody sick, most people without a decent place to go to live in, and no chance to get it; 20,000 still unemployed in Koeln, all the rest of them at scandalous wages. . . . One of my schemes, the toy shop, has been running since June, on a little money that came from America and England. It has not yet been "officially approved," but ten people on the average had full time work, and about 20 part time, and we have sold toys for $600—all our own products. They are solid, bright-colored, handy and very cheap. As for my rug industry, I am hunting for customers, and we have beautiful rugs. . . .

So the letter goes on, making me feel, as I remember this gifted young woman, bearing on her shoulders and heart the social needs of this ancient city of 800,000 souls, and making money go as far as anyone I ever met,—well, like saying to myself and my friends, Send a check to Hertha Kraus, Wohlfahrts amt. Cologne, Germany, and tell her to put it where it will do the most good.

But here is the part of her letter that I started out to pass on to my readers, showing how in the midst of war's wreck one is working passionately for peace:

> . . . All summer I had a man working on clippings, to get out a regular information sheet on what people *do* for bringing about peace; but he could not do it. Now a young girl from Philadelphia, who has just come, is trying to do it. I have a number of quite important people who would like to use that material—not long articles, but just notes on what people, schools, clubs, organizations, etc., actually *do*.

Dr. Kraus has put her finger on a thing that peace-makers must stress,—an effort to discover exactly what people are *doing* that make for peace. Further, any information along the line suggested will, I am sure, be gladly received by her. Who will be the first?

To sum up, as the preacher says, These four letters, apart from many interesting items, emphasized four important ideas for the peace-maker. Brailsford's tea-treatment of burglars, suggesting the method of non-resistance and friendliness; Fletcher's movement to secure "big" signatures for a Manifesto looking toward the universal abolition of conscription; Miss Watson's insistence that war and war's whole family (warriors, manufacturers of munitions, war-mongers, editor- and preacher-apologists for war) should be plainly told that they cannot enter into the kingdom of decency and respectability; and Dr. Kraus' search for information concerning people and places where they are actually *doing* (and what?) something about peace, that makes peace. And Miss Watson will not care if I repeat the words of Alice Ames Winter, which traveled on the back of her envelope all the way across the continent,—with which I stop,

> All that we club women work for—citizenship, education, public health, good institutions, conservation, home life, child welfare, art, music, literature—are arts and activities of peace. . . . War sweeps them into the dust heap.

Seattle. SYDNEY STRONG.

JUST DUST

I hear a hurricane from over the sea,
A wind from a far-off prairie,
It sails ships, it uproots trees,
It shakes the mighty mountains:
I thought myself dead this many a year,
Mud to the many who moulded me,
Tiring so of incrustation,
Constantly cracking in the heat—
Shall I give myself whether or no,
I—particled earth-bound stuff—just dust—
Listen, become precious to you
O force of the spheres dynamic?
Will you waft me willy-nilly on the lanes of life,
Dance me into eddies, twist me round and round,
Away from the beaten path, off the so surely straight?
Ah! I breathe again! Oh, how choked I've been!
Lift me up with laughter, raise me into light:
Let me be seen in a strong sunbeam,
Or gathered on a leaf in clear moonlight;
I want to clog guns that gut human lives,
Or cling to the hem of a lady's gown;
Give me to rest in an empty urn;
Send me to sleep on a song about tears;
Let me be touched by the hand of a child,
Or stop a machine and make a man think;
I would like to lie in an old violin,
Or be rubbed from the feet of those who toil;
You are so strong you can whirl me to the sky,
To mingle with a cloud or smudge a new star;
I might be shoved in the mouth of God,
I might hear him breathe: Oh, maybe you are He!
You Power! You Glory of Movement!
But I prefer the earth from whence I came,
For I'll be everywhere, if you will play with me,
Spread me around the graves of the dead,
To warm their bones as the flesh of the quick;
Help me, yes help me to grow green grass,
For I want to feel there is eternal spring,
That nothing is lost, not even me, just dust,
So blow! Blow, Divine Great Breath!

ROSALIE GOODYEAR.

Lights of Ages and of Nations

A Character Comparison of Jesus of Nazareth and Abraham Lincoln

Nineteen centuries ago, in a humble stable in an outlying province of the great Roman Empire, a man-child was born, destined to become the greatest ethical teacher and moral leader of the world—a man whose spiritual message, and whose life, were to go ringing down the sweep of the ages, and whose character was to be one of the brightest spots on the oftentimes dark pages of history.

Some eighteen centuries later, in a rough log cabin in a then newly settled and little known territory of a newborn nation, was born another man-child, whose life and character were fated to be a beacon light not only to his own nation, but to the modern world as well. It is of these two great men—so different in their time and environment, and yet so similar in their character and principles, that this article is to treat.

There is a pronounced similarity between Jesus of Nazareth, Syrian Jew of the First Century, and Abraham Lincoln, Anglo-Saxon American of the Eighteenth. This similarity is shown not only in their unforgettable messages, but in their lives and characters as well. For a moment, then, may we not consider their early lives, remembering always that each was a typical product of his time and people.

How striking a coincidence it is when we remember that each began life in the field of carpentry. We have the picture of Jesus, the growing lad, working in the shop of his father Joseph, the Nazarene Carpenter, handling the plane, swinging the adze, to fell the wood, and fashioning it into yokes and other articles for the use of his fellow townfolk. Then we have the similar picture of Lincoln, the rail-splitter, famed in his locality as the best man among them when it came to the use of the carpenter's tools. No wonder both were strong, with muscles like bands of steel—they were out-door boys, who grew through hard work into real men physically as well as mentally and ethically.

We have another parallel in their mental development —Jesus reading the books of Jewish law and religion, and questioning the learned doctors in the temple; Lincoln studying by the light of the fire, walking miles to borrow new books, and eagerly interrogating everyone who could give him further knowledge.

We know, too, that each of these extraordinary characters was a social being, and most democratic in his choice of companions. Jesus was not governed by the social laws of his time—he consorted with those in whose company he found pleasure, and who he could help, whether they were high-born, or of low estate. The most striking case of Lincoln's democracy is to be found in an account of his entry into Richmond at the close of the Civil War, when he gave the death blow to false pride and aristocracy by clasping the hand of a freed Negro who came to thank him, in spite of the only too apparent displeasure and disapproval of those standing by. The spirit behind these acts was similar —a tribute to human worth, regardless of color, creed or social position.

Volumes have been written about these two men from the biographical viewpoint, and after all, this article is a character-sketch, and not a history. We shall therefore pass quickly to a consideration of the attributes which made these two great, and we shall be impressed with the fact that they were great mainly for identical reasons.

What makes greatness? Material success, say some —and yet how many who achieve it pass on and are forgotten. No—character, and character alone—makes a man great, and in Jesus and Lincoln the light of character shone at its brightest. Many heroes in history have been admired, a goodly number have been loved, but few have been *revered,* and none other has commanded the almost universal reverence which attaches to the Great Teacher of Nazareth, and the Martyred President of our own country.

And why this reverence? Why indeed! Both had wisdom, patience, gentleness, sympathy and love for their fellows, almost, if not entirely, past men's understanding.

In reading our New Testament, and in perusing the letters and public utterances of Lincoln, we are forced to remark the similarity of spiritual thought—in each case, of course, embroidered with the language of the time. On the one hand we have the divine command— "Love ye one another," and other injunctions to love our enemies, and on the other we have the ringing message of the Second Inaugural—"With malice toward none; with charity for all." Back of each was the same love of humanity—the same desire to bind up the wounds of hatred and strife.

We are furnished with further proof of this love of humanity, and determination to see the granting of full justice to the poor and lowly, in two stories which show that these great leaders were ready to use every means at their command to aid their fellows in unfortunate circumstances.

The first instance is the well-known, and never-to-be-forgotten episode of the money changers in the temple. The Hebrew peasants, wishing to make sacrifice to Jehovah, their God, were unmercifully gouged by those who sold doves, oxen, and other sacrificial creatures at exorbitant prices—preying like vultures upon the religious spirit of those who came from great distances, often, to worship at the temple in Jerusalem. So indignant was Jesus at this that suddenly he turned on those who were making the house of prayer into a den of thieves and drove them out, so that the truly pious might observe their rites unmolested and unworried.

This story is suggestive of another—that of Lincoln before the slave-block in New Orleans. As the young steamboat pilot watched the ruthless breaking up of families, and the selling of human beings like cattle to satisfy the pride and greed of others, he exclaimed: "If I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard." Of course this latter lacked the dramatic instantaneous action of the former episode, but the motive behind it was just as strong, and similarly high.

Both Jesus and Lincoln were unparalleled leaders of men. They possessed the same great power of inspiring confidence, and bringing out the best in those with whom they came in contact. They understood the frailties and weakness of humanity, but they also appreciated the inherent divinity therein—an appreciation which has been lacking in many otherwise great leaders. Both saw that in every clod lay hid a spark, which could

be fanned into a glorious flame by sympathy, understanding and encouragement.

Both of these great leaders suffered similarly from the misunderstanding of the grosser minds around them, which could not appreciate the greatness of their souls. Yet both had, in an almost phenomenal degree, patience with those who would not learn the great messages their leader carried. We have Jesus overlooking the indignation of his disciples at the village which refused him welcome: we have Lincoln smiling at the indignation of his friend who brought him word that the Secretary of War had called him, the President, a fool. Both Jesus and Lincoln had that power to differentiate between trivialities and things that really matter which is the final stamp of true greatness of character.

We find each, too, undergoing the great mental struggle which comes to every great leader before he starts on his mission. Jesus wrestled with his own fears, doubts and misgivings for forty days and nights; those who rode the circuit with Lincoln testify to the almost terrible silences into which he would be plunged at times. Who can know what anguish was tearing these great souls in such moments? Would they succeed? Were they perhaps mistaken in believing themselves men of destiny? Both, however, as the truly great ever do, laid the ghosts of doubt and fear, turned their hands to the plow, went forward to the realization of their great purposes—and, similarly, each gave his life for the cause he sponsored.

The outstanding characteristics of Jesus and Lincoln—the qualities which have endeared them to millions, and assured them unique places in the halls of history—were gentleness and forgiving spirit. They understood the temptations which beset every son of man. They appreciated that an error sincerely regretted does not mar a character forever. They realized the truth that

> Men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

There is no sublimer saying in the record of the Galilean than those immortal words he spoke to the woman brought to him for condemnation—"Go thy way, and sin no more." Similarly we all love the spirit which prompted Lincoln to save by pardon so many soldier boys sentenced by courts martial, and echoing the words of the Nazarene, we have the great American's dictum—"When a man is sincerely penitent for his misdeeds, and gives satisfactory evidence of the same, he can safely be pardoned, and there is no exception to the rule!"

The pages of the Book of Life are dark in spots—but glorious in others with the brilliance lent by great characters which have trod the stage of the world. But above all others two figures—the Great Teacher of Galilee, and the Chosen Prophet of the American people—tower solitary and alone on the horizon of history.

William Newman Chew.

A Plan for the Outlawry of War

Mr. Pett Ridge has said that whenever he goes to a neighborhood which he does not know he feels like ringing every door bell and asking, "What, sir or madam, has been the most remarkable occurrence of your life?"

If I had the good fortune to live in a street where Mr. Pett Ridge was likely to call I should have my answer ready pat, and it would be "The reading of Levinson's scheme for the outlawry of war."

Like many people who have been through one war and might be eligible for another, and final, smash up, I am profoundly skeptical of all proposals which consist of limitation of armaments and the drawing up of codes of war. If the world has not yet learnt that the dogs of war, once they are unleashed, are uncontrollable, then it has learnt nothing. And as long as nations play with firearms, each along its frontier fence, so long will pretexts be found for using those arms. As things are to-day any country may declare war upon another and be within its legal rights, just as Germany was within her legal right in 1914.

Mr. Levinson's scheme, for which Senator Borah stood sponsor in the United States Congress, is the only seriously worked out plan before the world to-day which really goes to the root of the matter. It proposes to deal with international war in the same way as individual war, called duelling, was dealt with. For hundreds of years men considered duelling the only decent way to settle affairs of honor, and to this effect codes of duelling were prepared and changed and changed again. Finally, as the race grew up a little and duelling became recognized as an intolerable nuisance, the simple discovery was made that the way to get rid of it was to condemn it by law, to call it by its right name, murder, and thus to outlaw it.

But to outlaw war!

We are so accustomed to thinking of "steps towards peace," of conferences here and there attended and acclaimed by half the world—and ending to begin again elsewhere; we have been so befogged for years by talk and counter-talk, by spoken fears and whispered hatreds, that a plan which claims to go to the root by a straight cut risks to fall straightway under the suspicion that it lacks some necessary complication! It seems, in fact, at first like passing a resolution against a snowstorm.

That this scheme is no quack remedy, but a serious proposition may be gathered from the fact that some of the best brains in the world are rallying to it. The heart of the plan is the codification of international law by the leading jurists of the world, with all civilized nations participating, and the establishment of a permanent international court with real jurisdiction to take cognizance of offences against such a code and to hear and determine fully international disputes. There are two skeleton international courts already in existence either of which could be converted to the purpose proposed. At present, both the Hague Court of Arbitration and the League of Nations' Permanent Court of International Justice are helpless things in that they are merely arbitral tribunals. If one party to the dispute objects to the "interference" of the Court, the Court is paralyzed. Man has discovered only two ways of settling his quarrels, War and Law. If the world has not advanced sufficiently to rule out war then it will come again, and civilization as we know it will surely perish.

On this there are scarcely any longer two opinions. All must recognize that the none too stable fabric of our civilization could not stand another world conflict. Most admit that such is the interdependence between us

all to-day that no two big powers can go to war without inevitably dragging in their neighbors. In fact, the balance of power theory, which has hitherto passed muster in Europe, is against the isolation of war.

The camp is divided between those who shrug and say "Wars must always be because they always have been," and those others who, seeing the marvelous ingenuity of the mind of man, cannot admit the problem to be insoluble. It is estimated that the cost of rewarding the best brains of the world for the codification of international law will not exceed one-hundredth of 1 per cent of the cost of the last war. If that same percentage of resource which was spent in the invention of destructive schemes and appliances were turned to good will and co-operation, no mother would need to look wistfully at her child again as thousands in the world are doing to-day "in case war comes." The time is past when plans of international co-operation could be feebly sneered at as "minding other people's business." War concerns us all, but more especially the women and the men who have to leave them.

Senator Borah's resolution reads as follows:

> That it is the view of the Senate of the United States that war between nations should be outlawed as an institution or means for the settlement of international controversies by making it a public crime under the law of nations, and that every nation should be encouraged by solemn agreement or treaty to bind itself to indict and punish its own international war breeders or instigators or war profiteers under powers similar to those conferred upon our Congress under Article 1, section 8, of our Federal Constitution which clothes the Congress with the power to define and punish offenses against the law of nations. And be it further resolved, that a code of international law of peace based upon equality and justice between nations, amplified and expanded and adapted and brought down to date, should be created and adopted. Second: That a judicial substitute for war should be created (or if existing in part, adapted or adjusted) in the form or nature of an international court, modelled on our Federal Supreme Court in its jurisdiction over controversies between our sovereign States, such court to possess affirmative jurisdiction to hear and decide all purely international controversies, as defined by the code, or arising under treaties, and to have the same power for the enforcement of its decrees as our Federal Supreme Court, namely, the respect of all enlightened nations for judgments, resting upon open and fair investigations and impartial decisions and the compelling power of enlightened public opinion.

If the United States Government does invite the nations of the world to declare that war is a crime how will the nations be able to refuse? To do so would be to declare in favor of war as a permanent institution and what government dare openly face its people and the world with that plea on its lips? The outlawry of war would no more preclude self-defence in case of invasion than the outlawry of murder precludes self-defence in case of assault. The issue could not be evaded, therefore, by insisting on the right of self-defence.

All that would be required would be a declaration by each nation that it regards the making of war by other nations, or by itself, as a crime against international law. Just this and this alone is the vital preliminary to any scheme for permanent peace. Alone can the raising of the foggy nightmare of war give man time to turn and think and to develop from his present stage of semi-barbarism. To quote the New York *World*:

> If such a declaration could ever be got from the nations of the world—and, of course the difficulty is to get it when nations understand what it implies—the legal and moral advantages of the military party in all countries would be destroyed. To-day they are strictly orthodox under the law of nations. The peacemakers are the heretics. Senator Borah's plan would completely reverse this position. Under it the law would be on the side of the pacifist, and with it all the moral, patriotic and emotional support that comes from being on the side which is upholding the law.

Overseas, London. —*George Harrison.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Another Poetry Anthology*

This is the third anthology of Negro verse in two years, a significant indication of the interest today in the literary work of the American colored people. If James Weldon Johnson's anthology is the most literary and Robert T. Kerlin with its illustrations the most popular, it can be said of the Trinity College anthology that it is the most scholarly. We have here, not only introductory life sketches of each poet, such as Mr. Kerlin gives, but also biographical and critical notes. Indeed there is as much prose in this volume as poetry.

The biographical and critical notes are especially valuable. Much of the material in them can be found in Arthur Schomburg's "Biographical Checklist for American Negro Poetry" to whom credit is given by these compilers.

If we turn to this Trinity College connection, however, for the poetry alone, we shall be disappointed. The selections chosen do not compare in excellence with those of either Mr. Johnson or Mr. Kerlin and although the book has been printed sufficiently recent to include Countee P. Cullen, Gwendolyn Bennett and Langston Hughes, only Countee P. Cullen is quoted, and he with only one poem. The volume gives much space to early Negro work and shows a decided tendency to admire the sentimental.

There are 38 pages of Dunbar's poems—a poet easily accessible—while Anne Spencer is not mentioned. In attempting to rate Negro poets these compilers put the first four in order of merit as follows: Paul Lawrence Dunbar, William Stanley Braithwaite, James Weldon Johnson and J. Mord Allen. The poems of Allen, which are entertaining, do not seem to deserve so high a rating.

The following conclusions are reached: One, that Negro poetry has shown decided and unmistakable progress both in value and quality. Two, that the quality of the poetry has generally depended upon the cultural opportunities of the poet. Three, that Negro poets have not as yet as a class risen to the level of poetry attained by many white poets far more richly endowed by leisure and cultural background. And the compilers end by saying:

> A race, unquestionably endowed with humor and music, that has made a marked advance in poetry within the scant sixty years of its freedom, will unquestionably produce finer poetry when conditions have followed their present tendency for a generation or two. In the light of these facts the present period is, from the larger point of view, likely to witness the real dawn of Negro poetry.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

* "An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes." By Newman Ivey White, Ph.D., and Walter Clinton Jackson. Published by The Trinity College Press, Durham, N. C.

The Story of a Great City*

This sumptuously illustrated, beautifully printed book, one New Yorker, who is speaking, likes better than any other story of the city that has ever been

*"Around the World in New York," by Konrad Bercovici. Published by The Century Co., New York City.

written. For it tells, not of the shops and theatres, the great avenues and the overwhelming traffic, not even of the town's rather dull history, but of the multitudes of people who crowd within its limits. It is the New York of the Scandinavian and the French, the African and the Jew; of the Gypsy, the Hungarian, the Italian and the Chinese. "New York, an oasis, a well in the desert, toward which stretch all the heads of all the continents, like thirsty camels in a desert for water." This New York of the Syrians by the Battery, of the Americans in Greenwich Village, is described with vivid particularity. Here on East Fourth Street we see a gypsy home. "The long store that had once been a butcher's shop was carpeted. Even the walls were hung with thick Oriental rugs, some two inches thick, of all colors and hues." A limousine stops and veiled visitors come to have their fortunes told. The old women no longer care to go out upon the open road with the Spring. When one can make twenty dollars of a night telling fortunes, why leave New York? Not far away in a dingy tenement is the home of a Macedonian. He is very poor, but confident that no race equals his in intelligence and bravery. "Every house of a Macedonian is adorned with a picture of Alexander of Mâcedonia." South on Pell Street, a Chinese child, with a face like a cameo cut in amber, runs about her home in perfect freedom, seven-tenths of the family earnings spent upon her in luxury. And so the pictures move on.

The chapter upon Africa will interest the colored people of the country more than any other. Konrad Bercovici visited Harlem and other colored sections and met and talked with many of the Negroes. He shows us the great amount of mixture among the dark types. He admires most the Indian type, the women especially: "The big gala eyes swim in clear-white pools, and the hair is like shavings of ebony, lustrous and rich and plaited down over trim and beautiful necks." "Almost everything we have of true native art in this country," the writer goes on, "is of Negro origin—folk-lore, the Spirituals, jazz, the dance and some of our best poetry. The origin of native American art is African."

The chapter takes us up and down the city and especially through Harlem. It will far from satisfy its colored readers who will find matters to criticize. But so will every group of which Bercovici writes. It is impossible in a book of such scope to recite the exact truth on each point; one can simply give impressions. But the impressions for the most part are correct. Each race, however, will object to its picture for a race is like an individual, when the photographer comes, it wants to be in its best clothes, with its best expression on its face. No torn shirt or incorrect gesture! But "Around the World in New York" is full of gay life and the gaity of Harlem is shown with the rest, perhaps "The Indoor Aviator" as a name on a visiting card to signify an elevator man is the most delightful joke told on the race. The shadows are shown impressively. And through the chapter there is deep, honest sympathy.

Bercovici has great hope for this city of a hundred peoples and he describes the "slow filtering, drop by drop, into a different civilization, . . . carbon distilling itself into diamonds." Here, I am afraid, the writer sees that for which he longs rather than that which is really happening. Unfortunately the races that have been here for some generations, like the Irish, lose their individuality, become drab rather than diamond-like. To quote from Bercovici in another connection: "The public schools grind out Americans in the same fashion as sausages, all in the same casing though from different kinds of meat." What today makes our city marvelous is its newcomers, its people recently from all parts of the earth. When immigration shall have stopped, and our public schools have done their one hundred per cent American worst, New York will be as dull as Omaha. But until then we may rejoice in a colorful city through which one may travel around the world. MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MOREL NUMBER

I.

Dear UNITY:

Splendid—your Morel issue! Don't see how you do it.

SYDNEY STRONG.

II.

Dear UNITY:

I have to thank a slight attack of flu and subsequent giddiness for the opportunity of reading through uninterruptedly your wonderful In Memoriam E. D. Morel number of UNITY. I cannot think it could have been more perfectly or more beautifully compiled.

I do hope UNITY has a wide circulation in the Old Country or at any rate that a big consignment of this special number has or will find its way there.

SEPTIMUS MARTEN.

III.

Dear UNITY:

We cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude to you as editor of UNITY for your splendid work in connection with the issuing of the Morel Memorial number. We have always been sincere admirers of E. D. Morel because of his unremitting work in behalf of humanity, justice, liberty and truth. No man ever worked harder for the things in which he believed and it seems fitting that there should be rendered to his memory at this time a recognition of his invaluable service. The various tributes which you have secured from people who rank among the highest of the workers in behalf of the principles for which Mr. Morel labored, is a very fine array, and we are proud and happy to think that UNITY is the paper in America that has undertaken this task.

And may we also say how glad we are that a Morel Memorial Service was arranged at the Community Church of New York. It is all too little we can do for one who gave so much and suffered so greatly for his convictions.

I am wondering if the people who are likely to come to that meeting, as well as the readers of UNITY, would not welcome the opportunity to send a contribution to the Morel Memorial Fund. It would seem that a tangible expression of the esteem and affection which for years so many have had for Mr. Morel ought to be given at this time as a tribute coming from America to a great soul who has gone beyond, one who laboring in the cause of truth and justice was willing to give all and ask nothing in return.

In this spirit may we send our little contribution herewith.

East Orange, New Jersey. EUGENIE A. RETTINGER.

We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows.

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

ANNOUNCEMENT

January 22, 1925.

Contributors to the Children's Colony work, on the Volga—and other friends—would wish me to inform them that I am looking for my daughter, Anna Louise Strong, to land in New York during the first week of February. Her plans are to spend two or three months in America before returning to Russia. May I give a partial list of lecture engagements which she sent me a few days ago:

Feb. 8—Community Church, New York.
" 9—Community Church, Boston.
" 15—New Bedford (Mass.) Forum.
March 8—Bloomington (Ill.) Forum.
" 11—Chicago Women's Club.
" 13—Chicago Lincoln Centre Friday Morning Forum.

After Chicago, she expects to spend a week or so in California, either before or after coming on to Seattle.

Any communications sent care The Community Church, 12 Park Avenue, New York City, will reach her, any time after her arrival and up to February 20—and later would be forwarded.

—*Sydney Strong.*

508 Garfield Street, Seattle.

CONFERENCE FOR PROGRESSIVE POLITICAL ACTION

December 30, 1924.

To Organizations of Labor, Farmers, and Other Progressive Groups:
GREETINGS:

The next convention of the C. P. P. A. will meet at 10 a. m., February 21, 1925, at the Lexington Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, in accordance with the resolutions adopted by the National Committee at its meeting in the Machinists Building, Washington, D. C., December 12, 1924.

This conference has been called in fulfillment of the Report of the Committee on Organization and Campaign, as adopted by the Cleveland Convention of July 4, 1924:

"The object of the convention shall be to consider and pass upon the question of forming a permanent independent political party for national and local elections upon the basis of the general principles laid down in the platform adopted by this Convention and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

"The basis of representation and voting at the Convention shall be the same as adopted at the St. Louis meeting of the Conference for Progressive Political Action for the Cleveland Convention of July, 1924."

Your organization is cordially invited to send properly delegated and instructed representatives.

Organizations desiring representation should return credential, properly filled in, to this office *not later than February* 10.

Fraternally yours,

WM. H. JOHNSTON,
Chairman, C.P.P.A.

BIRTHDAYS IN FEBRUARY OF POLITICAL PRISONERS

Birthdays in February of political prisoners, confined in various state institutions of America, are announced by the Workers' National Prison Comfort Club, 2923 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as follows:

At Box 500, *Steilacoom, McNeils Island, Washington*:
February 6, Anton Karachun.

At Box 520, *Walla Walla, Washington*:
February 21, Eugene Barnett, Reg. No. 9414; Frank Nash, No. 9516.

At San Quentin Penitentiary, San Quentin, California:
February 5, Frank Sherman, No. 35768; February 27, Francis E. McClennegan, No. 38125.

At Folsom Prison, Represa, California:
February 13, P. Gordon, No. 38113; February 26, Earl Firey, No. 12540.

At Thomaston, Maine, Box "A":
February 11, Neils Randquist.

Cora Meyer, Secretary, invites friends and sympathizers to send birthday cards and letters (money is advisable for gifts) to these political prisoners. Books and publications to be sent directly from the publishers. Small calendars for the year 1925 are also suggested.

SACCO AND VANZETTI SHALL NOT DIE!

The Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee calls upon all friendly groups and organizations to arrange Sacco-Vanzetti mass meetings in their community on Sunday, March 1st. This day has been designated by the Committee to give ample opportunity for arranging large and effective meetings—to demonstrate the nation-wide and world-wide support of two innocent and imprisoned workingmen in Massachusetts in their struggle for justice. This support, generously evident in the past four years, is still needed.

With manacled hands Sacco and Vanzetti appeal to the workers. Long have they awaited Justice that would answer their plea of innocence and the voice of millions for fair play. Justice has thus far turned a deaf ear. It has not restored them to their dear ones and to freedom.

The hope that a calm consideration of facts should render a decision dictated by justice has proven an illusion. The hope that humane reflection would surmount prejudices and passions of class, nationality and ideas, has been shattered. A learned Judge has announced the new evangel that rather than err for justice he prefers to err as does the executioner eager for the blood of his victims.

Sacco and Vanzetti fell prisoners in an anti-red hunt, at a time when life was cheap. The blood of millions of young men in far-flung battlefields was a deluge of water to irrigate the lands of the old world after a long drought. A quaker Attorney-General had announced "an open season for the hunt of radicals." Too cowardly to attack or even openly to question Sacco and Vanzetti's generous ideals of a better and freer world, a vulgar and sordid accusation of murder and robbery was resorted to by their persecutors. Prejudices and passions were substituted for facts and reason. The personification of justice tore off the band and scales and became a prosecutor calling upon the jury to "seek courage in your deliberation such as was typified by the American soldier boy as he fought and gave his life on the battlefield of France."

The conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti was arranged and secured by confessed perjurers in utter disregard of fact, reason and consideration given to common criminals. That they were born in Italy, that they held economic and social ideas contrary to those of prosecutor, judge and jury were thrown in the scales and *a priori* held as proof against them.

The foreman of the jury in the privacy of the deliberation so far forgot his sense of responsibility as to introduce exhibits of bullets that had never been offered in open court where they could have been challenged. After a long and weary wait of a year, the learned Judge Thayer turned a deaf ear, denied the plea for a new trial and in language of the street "passed the buck" to higher authority to correct his errors. He will not do so! The only legal recourse now for the life of Sacco and Vanzetti is to the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

To carry on this work months must elapse. Meanwhile Sacco and Vanzetti must lie in prison. Already the hopes long deferred for justice and liberty have claimed a victim, in that Vanzetti has been declared temporarily insane and taken to an insane asylum. Our duty as friends, fellow-workers and comrades convinced of their absolute innocence of the accusation of robbery and murder is clear: we must work for the vindication and liberation of Sacco and Vanzetti.

We call to this task all the vast multitude of men and women who believe in fair play, all the generous souls who are eager that reason and not passion shall prevail. Sacco and Vanzetti must not be strapped and shocked to death on the Electric Chair! Nor shall they—in a wave of sentiment—be condemned to a worse fate, life imprisonment!

Accidents of birth and prejudices against ideas—held even in error—shall not be punished by death nor by imprisonment. The innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti must not alone be tried out in Court. It must be the decision of that vast tribunal of honest men and women throughout the country. The sunlight of truth must destroy the intrigues, the prejudices and passions of a band of reactionary fanatics and old men tied to the past.

We set aside March 1st, 1925, and ask all our friends, fellow-workers and comrades irrespective of differences of opinions and organizations, to everywhere join in monster meetings of protest. Pass resolutions. Send a copy to the Governor of the State of Massachusetts and a copy to your local press.

Let speakers on that day tell the story of this long effort at judicial murder, let the determination and resolve be firm and unmistaken that Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent and must be liberated.

SACCO-VANZETTI DEFENSE COMMITTEE,
P. O. Box 93, Hanover Street Station,
Boston, Mass.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BEACON (The) PRESS, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
The Beacon Hymnal. Edited by Florence Buck.
THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., 393 4th Ave. cor. 27th St., N. Y.
What is Worth While? and Working with Giant Power.—By Anna R. Brown Lindsay.
DORRANCE & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Sunny Southland and Other Poems.—By W. H. Schulz.
FOUR SEAS Co., 454 Stuart St., Boston, Mass.
Cape Cod in Poetry. Edited by Joshua F. and Florence H. Crowell.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., N. Y.
Dramatic Stories of Jesus.—By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.
B. W. HUEBSCH, INC., 30 Irving Place, N. Y.
Essays and Adventures of a Labor M.P. —By J. C. Wedgwood.
The Impossible Philanthropist: A Comedy in Four Acts.—By Francis Neilson.
A Mixed Foursome: A Comedy in Three Acts.—By Francis Neilson.
The Desire for Change: A Comedy in Three Acts.—By Francis Neilson.
The Freeman Book.
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 64-66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
An Historical Survey of Jewish Philanthropy.—By Ephraim Fresch.
A Baby's Life of Jesus Christ.—By Mary F. Rolt.
The Beauty of the Purple.—William Stearns Davis.
In the Land of Youth.—By James Stephens.
Essays in the Romantic Poets.—By Solomon Francis Gingerich.
Charles Lamb: A Play in Five Acts.—By Alice Brown.
THE PRUSSING BOOK CONCERN, Chicago.
God Within.—By Linda Azama.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Fifth Avenue at 48th St., N. Y.
What Ails Our Youth?—By George A. Coe.
WORLD BOOK COMPANY, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Social Life and Institutions, An Elementary Study of Society. By Joseph K. Hart.
"We, the People—" The Constitution of the United States with comment and explanation.—By Alvin M. Higgins.
Fungi and Human Affairs.—By W. A. McCubbin.
Modern Business Geography.—By Ellsworth Huntington and Sumner W. Cushing.

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